Nuggets of News

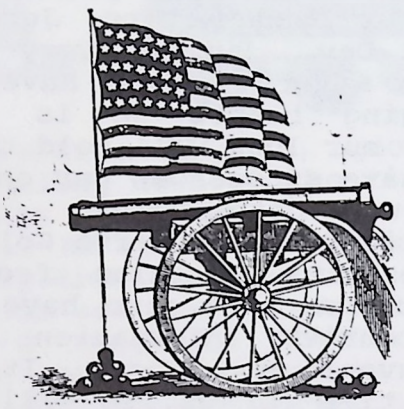
GOLD HILL HISTORICAL SOCIETY
gold discovered 1860
recording the past for the future
1984

P.O. Box 26
Gold Hill, Ore. 97525

June 1991

Gold Hill Nugget Club is in charge of Gold Dust Day festivities. They have honored the Gold Hill Historical Society as Grand Marshals for the parade June 1, 1991. The theme is "HURRAY FOR THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE". We are proud to be so honored.

Jim Estremado has graciously provided us with a truck on which to ride in the parade. If you want to be in the parade, be at G.H.H.S. headquarters (325 Second Ave.) by 9:00 a.m. Saturday morning.



We will be opening our new headquarters in conjunction with Gold Dust Day. Some of us have been fortunate enough to see the displays that Clare Moore, Marge Martin, Winona and Ken Nichols have put together.

These hard working members have done a marvelous job. <u>There is not one item in the museum portion of the building, that is not numbered, photographed and completely cataloged.</u> There have been a number of work parties in recent weeks. Each Tuesday evening we have worked until 9:00 p.m. Winnie, Clare, Marge and Linda have worked during the week, averaging six hours a day. The behind the scenes man, Ken Nichols, has kept his typewriter hot hot hot! Ken has typed well over 300 donor/ accession cards. He has also been typing the photo cards, corrections on the cookbooks, and lettering bricks! The next time you see Ken give him a great big bear hug!

We have also been blessed with a human dynamo, **Winnie Nichols.** You might ask, where does she get all the energy? This woman continues to amaze everyone who works with her. She has scrubbed floors, painted walls, helped Linda number photographs, and picks up the slack when everyone else wears out! Thank you Winnie and your partner Ken.

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Do you want to know how long it takes to clean 1500 bricks? It takes fourteen people four hours, not to mention some of the unusual tools put into play; Mary Bradish couldn't have managed without her giant gloves! Reg and his rasp, Gene and her antique putty knife, Clare with her claw hammer, Don with his cement trowel, and various other implements of destruction used by Winona and Ken Nichols, Wesley and Genevieve Dahme, and Linda.

Reg Genaw, Gene Heil, Mary Bradish, Clare Moore, Don Moore, Aric Genaw stacking and Ubu supervising

Aric Genaw stacked all the bricks, not once but twice! Logan Genaw and his friends, Andy and Vincent, passed Aric the bricks, and made us all nervous!

Our energy was renewed by a pot luck lunch. The meal was enjoyed by all. We were fortunate enough to work on the only sunny day for some time. Too bad more of you couldn't have been there, it was one of the many fun things that we get to do.

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The tenth annual Gold Hill School reunion will be held Saturday, June 29 and Sunday, June 30. The event is planned for all former students, who attended Gold Hill schools prior 1952. All former principals, teachers, employees, spouses, and friends are also invited to participate.

On Saturday, June 29 from 1 to 10 p.m., the reunion will center around the Gold Hill Grange Hall, at the corner of Fourth Street and Sixth Avenue. Registration will begin at 1 p.m.

A no-host reunion dinner is scheduled at 6 p.m. Saturday, June 29 in the Grange Hall dining room. The cost is $9 per person. Dinner reservations must be paid by June 10. Make checks payable to the Gold Hill School Reunion Committee. Mail to Gold Hill School Reunion Committee, P.O. Box 193, Gold Hill, Oregon 97525.

There will be a no-host public ballroom dance with live music starting at 8:30 p.m. Saturday night, June 29 at the Independent Order of Odd Fellows Hall, corner of Fourth Avenue and Fifth Street in Gold Hill.

On Sunday, June 30 the reunion potluck picnic will be served at noon in Space B at Valley of the Rogue Park.

Those who know the whereabouts of fellow classmates or need further information may telephone (503) 772-6688 or (503) 535-1493.

Mary Kell, Reunion Publicity Chairman

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Our lot is cleaned and ready for sale. If anyone interested in buying the lot, which is 50 X 100 feet, contact Winona Nichols at 855-7729 or Clare Moore at 855-1891 This is an excellent place for a home.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Dear Fellow Members,

In the previous newsletter I compared the Presidency with a new farmer, the comparison is similar! I've got the plowing done, we are in our new quarters located at 325 Second Avenue. The work is just starting. Now comes the weed pulling, cultivating, watering and keeping the critters out. We need to get our building organized, our museum opened, our artifacts numbered etc. This can be a really fun time for all of us, or a hard job for a few. So please, everyone who can turn out, and give a hand to the tasks that need to be done. The public is very anxious to see us opened so they can visit.

The society is planning on opening our headquarters, June 1st, Gold Dust Day. But as every farmer learns in a hurry things have a way of changing before he is ready. Hopefully our luck will hold out and we will have success in our endeavor to open, with displays!

I believe we can serve Gold Hill in a positive position from our little museum. We also have ideas for a tourist information booth, small souvenir store etc. It is an exciting time for us, so will close for now and get busy with the work at hand. Please come visit soon.

If you are one of the volunteers who will be working at the G.H.H.S. headquarters, please leave plenty of parking for the video store and tourists. Thank you.

Sincerely,
Clare Moore, President

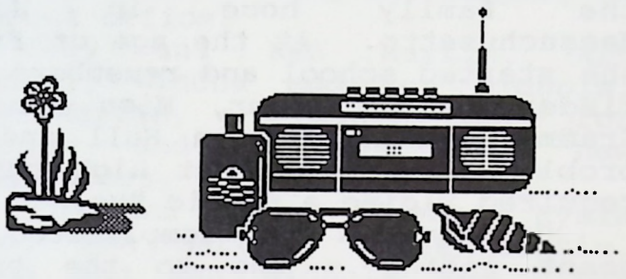
Have you noticed the photo display at the Gold Hill Post Office? It is great. Every time I go for mail I see someone studying them. I like the captions, they are nice and big. I don't have to wear my glasses to read them. If you don't get your mail at Gold Hill, come by and take a look. It will be worth your while.

C.M.

The antique stores are selling Barbie dolls! Thus, the story you are about to read is justified for publication in a historical newsletter.

A SUMMER DAY IN THE SIXTIES
by Teddie (Moore) Matteson

Ah, the Rogue River at the Gold Hill Bridge. The late sixties -- girls in bikinis, boys in cut-off jeans, K-BOY playing a Rolling Stones song on the transistor radio, and a gang of River Rats sitting on the handrail up on the bridge, gathering nerve to jump. It was another summer day down at the river -- if my dad (Don Moore) knew I was down there, he'd throw an absolute catfit.



According to Dad, good girls didn't belong down at the river. It wasn't HIS reputation as the mayor of Gold Hill he was worried about. It certainly didn't matter that "all the other kids are down there!"

He'd respond, "You've got a swimming pool right here in your own yard. What are you doing traipsing down to the river?"

"That swimming pool is just a cement pond!" we'd say.

Can you believe we would complain about a swimming pool in our own back yard? To us, it WAS a cement pond. The pool, built sometime in the 1920s, was the product of Joe Blair, the former owner of our house, located at the corner of 6th Street and 5th Avenue. He had worked at the cement plant. With all that free cement, hey, why not build a swimming pool? And why not add a fish pond? How about cement retaining walls and terraced lawns? We wondered, did his wife stop him before he was able to cement in the entire yard?

In any event, our back yard was not The Place to be. The Place was down at the river.

And that's exactly where I was the day Donny Morrow put hardware shopping in jeopardy.

With the temperature sweltering at 95 degrees, my four girlfriends and I thought we were really groovy laying on the beach trying to get tan. A group of boys across the river were on the pillars, taking turns swinging on the rope, then dropping, falling in graceful arcs into the river.

If you're unfamiliar with river dialect, the pillars are the tall rocks that support the east end of the bridge. Some thoughtful person had rigged a rope to the bridge for us to swing on, Tarzan-style. The rope had a nice big knot at the end, with something like a pair of jeans tied on for an unknown reason.

We girls were getting ready for a cooling dip in the water while Donny readied for his turn. Naturally, we were watching. We always watched boys! (Were they watching us, though?)

With a big shove-off, Donny leaped off the cliff, soaring down toward the water and then up in the air, creating the long graceful arc. At the apex, he let go, turned toward the river surface to start his dive.

"Oh, no!" That useless piece of jean material, how it wrapped itself securely around Donny's ankle was never known for sure. Donny, tangled in the end of the rope, was snared. Instead of a clean-entry splash, he swung back toward the water, head first, arms and free leg flailing -- letting out a loud bawl.

Donny sliced through the water like a pendulum, head and shoulders cutting a wake, then back out and up into the air again, with limbs still flailing and mouth still wailing. The first yell, more of a choked gargle, expelled water, the next bellowed, "HE-E-E-E-L-L-L-P!" His swing reversed directions and back down into the water he went, his head disappearing again.

He resurfaced, coming up into another arc, small and ungraceful.

Our laughter ceased when we realized Donny was in trouble, deep trouble -- up to his neck. The whole crowd on the beach dove into the water to save him. The water was churned to a boil by Donny's rescuers.

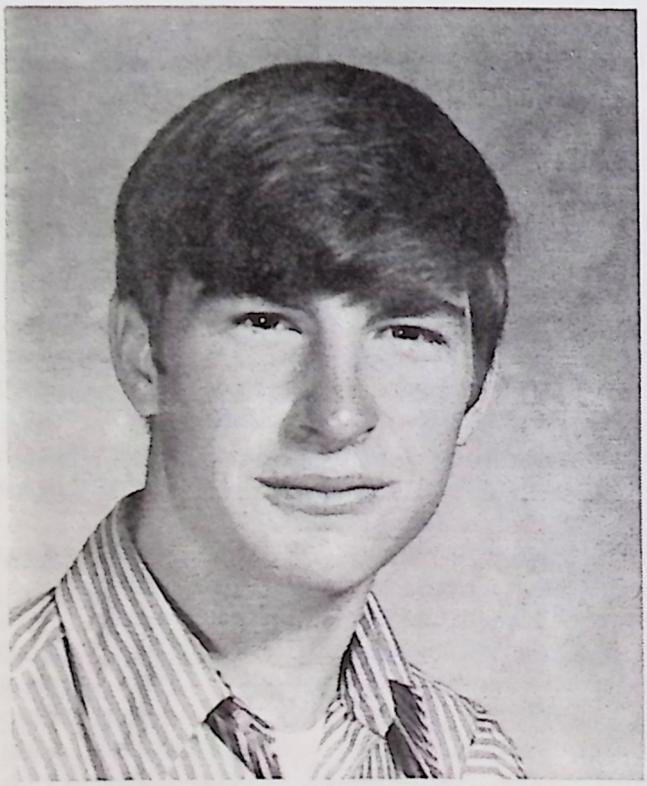
Because of my practice in our backyard swimming pool, I was one of the first to reach him. By the time I got there, his swings through the water had lost their momentum. He was beginning to settle, submerged, except for the brief seconds his stomach muscles summoned the strength to bring him to the surface.

Unfortunately, once we got to Donny, we were pooped out from swimming at top speed. Donny, exhausted from yowling and flailing, was losing strength in his stomach. Below the surface, a silent terror showed in his wide eyes.

Once next to him, we realized that we couldn't reach the denim knot that held Donny. Some of the kids thoughtlessly grabbed hold of Donny to keep themselves afloat, making it more difficult for him to reach air. Our fear built as the dilemma revealed itself.

Fortunately, at that instant, with the additional weight, the knot gave way and Donny was released into the water like an under length trout. As he broke the surface, spewing more water, our laughter returned.

If not for a handful of kids expert in river swimming, today my dad might find himself driving to Central Point whenever he needed a sack of nails.



Oh the sweet innocents of Youth! a young Don Horrow!

MEMBER PROFILE
By Gene Heil

On April 29, 1916, a tiny bit of humanity made her debut at St. Margarets Hospital in Boston, Massachusetts. Daughter of Leonard Damon, named Mary after her mother, who was first generation Irish. Her father was of English and Welch extraction, who had been New Englanders since the early 1600's. One of the ancestors on his side was one of the famed "minute men". He became a Lieutenant in the Revolutionary War.

Little Mary was the second of five Damon children. Mary grew up in the family home in Hull, Massachusetts. At the age of five, she started school and remembers her kindergarten teacher, Miss Ransom. Grammar school was in Hull and no problem to get to, but high school required riding a public bus.

College was more complicated, it meant riding a bus to the train station, and sprinting to catch the train every morning to Boston where she attended Boston University. For two and one half years, she studied Practical Arts and Letters, which was exclusively for ladies.

She was appointed by the Board of Selectmen to the position of assistant town clerk of Hull, Massachusetts. She held that position until she married Walter Bradish in November of 1945.

The young couple made their home in La Canada, California. The Bradish's had one daughter, Dorothy. Walter, being an ex-service man, finished his education on the G.I. Bill and then taught Radio Arts (which was the forerunner of our electronics schools) for ten years.

Mary worked for the small company, Conrac, which employed 35 people when she started, as the accountant. The company grew and grew and Mary's job grew too. By the time she retired, after 33 years, personnel numbered 1300. Mary had more seniority than anyone else, including the president and had worked in all parts of the company, including personnel.

After 13 years of marriage, she became a widow with a six year old to

G.H.H.S. has set guidelines of things that we will accept as donations. In order to maintain a theme that pertains to the history of Gold Hill and a five mile radius, photographs and items must meet the following criteria; GOLD, LIME, CEMENT PLANT, FRUIT, RIVER, FARMING, LOGGING, SAWMILLS, RAILROAD, PEOPLE, SCHOOLS, and RECREATION.

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MANY THANKS TO THE FOLLOWING;

Winona Nichols, Ken Nichols, Cindy Faubion and Linda Genaw for putting up the pictures in the bank.

Winona Nichols, Marge Martin and Linda Genaw for making the display at the post office.

Gary and Ken Martin, Art Campbell, Winona and Ken Nichols, Marge Martin, and Clare Moore for cleaning and painting the new headquarters. The place shines!

Don and Clare Moore, Hymie Klaus, Ken Martin, Marge Martin, Winona and Ken Nichols and Linda Genaw, for helping move our articles from the church.

Tom Cushman, Don and Clare Moore, Ken and Winona Nichols for bringing things in from the storage shed.

Thank you to Cindy Faubion and her sons, Casey and Kielie who helped her photograph the items, Linda for numbering items. Clare, Tom, Marge, and Winnie for cataloging items and Mary Bradish for checking donor cards.

Thank you Winnie, Ken and Gene for getting the bricks ready to sell during Gold Dust Day.

Thank you Reg Genaw for installing new dead bolts for the back doors. Reg is also making a shelf for the darkroom and providing a weatherstrip for the darkroom door.

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If you get a chance to attend the Roxy Ann Gem and Mineral show at the Medford Armory, June 1st. & 2nd. make a special note of the mining display on loan by G.H.H.S.

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Gold Gulch will be opening on June 1st. Stop by and see LaRue and Earl at work!

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Dr. Tillson Harrison, Soldier of Fortune; The Gold Hill Connection

Dr. Tillson Lever Harrison, a Canadian-born physician-surgeon and adventurer is now receiving long overdue fame in China, where he died in 1847. In addition to service in United States, Canadian, British, Irish, Chinese and Mexican armies, plus private practice and service in the Red Cross and U.N.R.R.A.

Harrison did his formative work in Burns and other communities in Oregon, Washington and Idaho from 1909-1914. He also worked in the mining camps during the Nevada gold rush.

In December of 1937, enroute to China from the Caribbean, he opened up a practice in Gold Hill. His office was in Abraham Becker's drug store, and his residence was the Gold Hill Hotel.

An announcement of his arrival appeared on the Front page of the Gold Hill News on December 2, 1937, and from the 9th of that month until the 27th of January, 1938, with several omissions over Christmas, he advertised his services.

The clue to the above connection to Gold Hill was a letter dated March 3, 1938 from the Adjutant General, U.S. Army, Washington, D.C. This letter was in answer to a letter from Dr. Harrison dated February 19, 1938. His return address was P.O. Box 583, Gold Hill, Oregon.

He appeared to have left Gold Hill unannounced early in 1938.

Time and other resources do not permit an in depth scanning of the paper on microfilm at this time.

By Allan Levine

If any of you know a Gold Hill history enthusiast who would like to help Mr. Levine track Dr. Harrison down or if anyone remembers Dr. Harrison and can answer the question as to why Tillson Harrison was in Gold Hill, Mr. Levine will reward you with a copy of the book once it is finished.

You can contact Allan Levine at

Tillson Lever Harrison
Biography Project
Box 2244, Station "D"
Ottawa, Ontario Canada K1P5W4

As many of you know, we are going to publish a book to coincide with a walking tour of Gold Hill. Many of our Historic Homes will be included. We need your help locating photographs of these houses that we can use in this publication. If anyone has a photo of their house from earlier days, please share it with us. You may contact any one who is working on the book. They are; Tom Cushman, Marge Martin, Ken and Winona Nichols, Clare Moore, Mary Kell and Linda Genaw.

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Linda Genaw took Mrs. Apostol's third grade class on a walking tour of town, May 6th. This is a part of the Social Studies program. Their assignment was to choose a house and become the person who lived in the house. So Linda had to provide the names and occupations for the previous owners. From the information provided, they will draw a mural of the buildings and people. It will be on display in Mrs. Apostol's classroom. They have already drawn characters of the Rhoten family from Kanes Creek.

The very next day, Linda received letters from all of the students and would like to share some of them with us.

Dear Mrs. Genaw,

Thank you for the tour of Gold Hill. It was interesting. I liked the hotel the most. We are choosing a character, then we are making the person. Then we make a house for the person to live in.

Sincerely, Corrina

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Dear Mrs. Genaw,

The whole class liked the walk. It made me happy. Mr. Cook's house was neat with the fish scales. I'm making the Walker's house. I like turquoise.

Love, Sarah E.

****

Dear Mrs. Genaw,

Thank you for walking us through Gold Hill. I always wondered how old the hotel was. We really appreciate the time you spent with us.

Sincerely, Jesse

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Dear Mrs. Genaw,

Thank you for teaching all of us about the houses. I learned a lot about them, more than I could when I grow up.

Love, Jenifer

****

For Linda,

Thank you for showing us around town and for showing us all the old houses. I liked Mrs. Clair's yard and her house. It was pretty. Thank You.

Sincerely, T.C. Sackett

****

Dear Mrs. Genaw,

Thank you for showing my class all the neat house. Thank you for telling me answers to my questions. Thank you for all the information on the people, it will help me for my social studies test.

From Jared

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Dear Mrs. Genaw,

Thank you for telling us about the houses and the people and the dates. I appreciate you being so patient with us. (We are rude sometimes) If we hadn't taken that walk and got the information, we wouldn't be able to do the people for social studies.

From Clare

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Dear Linda,

Thank you for taking us on the walk and showing us all the old houses. The one house I liked was the Netzel house. The reason I liked it was because it looked old and neat. I was interest in how old the houses were and I liked the way you explained it.

Love, Alicia

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Dear Mrs. Genaw,

I want to thank you for answering my questions and for showing us new things. The best thing I saw was the old houses and the whole class loved it!

Sincerely Ronnie

****

This is the sort of thing that make history fun. These students were very well behaved and asked really good questions. Yes, I was stumped on a few!

Linda

raise. She enjoyed her job and went on working, raised her daughter, and moved to a new home in Azusa, California.

Time to rest on her laurels? Not our Mary. She came north to Gold Hill where she went to work for the Pre-school, which at that time was in the Methodist church. She has established a home where her grandchildren come to visit. Mary's grandchildren are; Chris, Rick and Jeff. Chris is a Senior at S.O.S.C, and lives in Gold Hill with her grandmother.

Thinking she didn't have enough activities, Mary became a V.I.P. (Volunteer in Patrick). That is the official title, but the job description is whatever needs done. Mary takes care of the mail, keeps the office going during lunch break, does computer work, dispenses needed hugs and band aids. She is also an expert tear wiper and smile restorer. "She is there". Even her broken hip didn't keep her away for very long.

April 29, 1991

When Mary got to school the air was crackling. The kids all looked like the day before Christmas. Big surprise--a birthday party, piles of "cards". Pictures drawn of Mary and all the things she does. One wearing high heels which she doesn't, a big cake, a real party. Mary probably has more younger friends than anyone else in the community. She is also active in the Gold Hill Nugget Club, the Grange Women's Association, Ladies Auxiliary of V.F.W., and Patrick P.T.A. She is treasurer of the Gold Hill Seniors and is past treasurer of our society.

Mary Bradish, at work with Don Moore and Winona Nichols

In our most hectic day of cataloging, setting up displays, photographing items and making a general mess of the complete headquarters, in walks Big **Don Moore** carrying all the equipment needed for plumbing a new sink. You're lucky you weren't there to hear all the cussing and snorting he did. Or the saws ripping and tearing apart of our little darkroom. Nerves were on edge, including Don's. You would have thought he was doing a major remodel! After the dust settled and the blue smoke left the room, we were left with a big beautiful new green sink. Linda came and offered a big kiss, but Marge, Winnie and Clare on the other hand were ready to kiss him goodbye!

Don donated all of his time and materials for this project.

THANK YOU DON. You can rip, snort, and swear any time you help us with our many projects.
We just love ya Don.

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From THE GOLD HILL NEWS
submitted by Cindy Faubion

May 25, 1906

A Colorado man says that if you rub a raw onion on your head every day, it will keep your hair from falling out. It will also keep your friends from dropping in.

June 8, 1906

Tobe Newton met with quite a serious accident at his home on Sardine Creek, one day last week. He was whittling a block of wood when his knife slipped, cutting an artery in his leg just above the knee. He suffered considerably from loss of blood but is getting along all right now.

August 10, 1906

The young daughter of Dee Horn was quite severely bitten in the face by a bull dog one day this week. Dr. Chisholm is attending the child and says no harm will come of it.

August 10, 1906

Carpenters are at work rebuilding the approach of this end of the Rogue River bridge. This bridge has been badly in need of repairs for some time but nothing short of a new bridge would ever fill the needs of this place. From the first, the

location is the worst that could possibly be selected. Standing, it goes along the Southern Pacific track, teams are always in constant danger of being run upon by trains and it also makes a bad approach for the city. If a new bridge was erected further down the river and opposite the town it would be a great saving to the county in-as-much as the bridge at Rock Point could easily be dispensed with. This is a matter of interest to this community and the Commercial Club and businessmen should start a movement toward securing a new bridge.

August 10, 1906

REPAIR YOUR SIDEWALKS

City Marshall Harvey is beginning to grow desperate. He has been under instructions from the city council for some time, to have the sidewalks about town repaired and has notified tenants and property owners alike, but thus far little attention has been paid to his notices. Now the city is rebuilding it's crosswalks and this would be a good time for those who have defective walks to start the same movement. After one more notification Mr. Harvey will have the repairs made and the costs will be assessed to the property.

From the 1896 Diary of Edith M. Starns (Mrs. Starns lived on Sardine Creek)

May 20, 1896 Went to Med.

Sold 20 lbs. lard @ 8C for trade	$1.60	
Bo't 1 sk flour	$ .85	
4 1/2 lbs. coffee	$ .25	
1 can Baking Powder	$ .35	
Gran. Sugar	$ .15	
	$1.60	
Sold 18 doz. eggs @ 10C	$1.80	cash
Bo't 1 1/2 yds. ladies cloth @ 50C	$ .75	
Bo't 1 sailor hat	$ .75	1.80
Bo't 2 spools white thread	$ .08	1.73
Gun Powder	$ .15	.07
	$1.73	

WE WILL BE SELLING COTTON CANDY AND SOUVENIR BRICKS IN OUR BOOTH AT GOLD DUST DAY.

PLAIN BRICKS WILL BE $1.00, THE BRICKS PAINTED GOLD WILL BE $5.00 AND THE BRICKS THAT ARE COVERED WITH THE NEEDLEPOINT THAT WINONA NICHOLS MADE WILL SELL FOR $20.00

LET'S ALL HOPE FOR A SUNNY DAY JUNE 1, 1991. SEE YOU AT THE PARK

If you, or a friend would like to help us preserve the rich history of Gold Hill and the surrounding area, receive the historical society newsletter, and other fun stuff, complete the form below and return it with your $5.00 check or money order for a Family Membership to:

Gold Hill Historical Society
P. O. Box 26
Gold Hill, Oregon 97525

Name_____

Address_____

City_____State_____Zip_____

Telephone_____

OFFICERS:

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Marge Martin 855-1559

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Cindy Faubion 855-1902

NUGGETS OF NEWS:

Editor:
Linda Genaw

Staff:
Genevieve Heil
Clare Moore
Tom Cushman
Mary Lou Campbell
Cindy Faubion